Athena’s dice game story

This was it. Showdown. I would be playing ‘*Call it a win’* against a man that I did not- and did not ask- to know. It all started when I had been in the pub with my friends around the ‘*Call it a win’* table. I had been boasting about my skills so much that I didn’t notice a hooded figure standing about thirty centimetres away from me, and taking in all of my big-headed bragging. It was only a few minutes later when I noticed him. He said nothing for a while, the spoke. “I am willing to offer you a deal.” His voice was smooth, but with an edge as sharp as a razor. It had a slight Russian accent fighting to get out. My eyes narrowed, “What sort of a deal?” I was as confused. What did he want? “The sort of deal where, if my friend wins the game, he gets everything you’ve ever lived for. If you win, well, you get a sum of £5,000,000. It would be easy for you to win, knowing you have never lost a game in your life.” My cheeks reddened. Then suddenly went pale. Did he mean that this game I was going to play with this ‘friend’ of his was *‘Call it a win’*, and that I would get a *massive* sum of money? To speak the truth, I actually needed that money badly. I had bills, taxes, clothes and food to pay for. And I was running short of money. What harm could it do? I quickly asked him if we would be playing *‘Call it a win’*. His reply was a small, curt nod. “Bring it on!” my answer was so stupid it still haunts me to this day. “Very well, then. I will meet you here with my friend here tomorrow. Same time, same place. I look forward to meeting you again…”

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I had arrived *exactly* on time in my most formal outfit, only to find myself beaten every single time by the strange man’s friend. He too was wearing- much like the other guy- a black hooded cardigan, white t-shirt and black jeans. Not the sort of person you would want to cross. We had played five rounds out of six. All of them had been won by my opponent. “Tell you what,” the man’s friend with the black jeans had a heavy American accent, “if you win this game, I’ll give you half the money.” It seemed like he wasn’t the evil-mastermind-I-will-kill-you sort of person I had expected. No sooner had I answered yes, he handed me the dice. The first role was mine.

I played terribly. Until the last round, where I left of at the beginning of this horrible story, I had no hope in myself. But this was different. There was mum and dad to think about. Their whole life ruined by one stupid decision. This role was for them. Having repeated those over and over in my head, I was ready. I threw the dice onto the table. A five. I was saved. “So, where’s the money?” the friend smiled at me and left me open-mouthed. All that for nothing?!